The Democrat.

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Poetical.

HUMBLE LIFE.

Tell me that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare,
Tell me not his daily pittance,
Is a workman's scanty fare;
Tell me not his birth is humble,
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his notions?
That is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no blame?
Then I care not if he's low born—
Then I care not whence his name,
Would he from an unjust action,
Turn away his scornful eye?
Would he, rather than defraud another,
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard gained earnings
On a brother in distress;
Would he succor the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrongs redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem,
And I care not what his birth-place
In the eye of man may seem.

Let it be a low thatched hovel—
Let it be a clay built cot—
Let it be a parish work-house—
In my eyes it matters not;
And if others will disown him,
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do it—I befriend him,
As a brother to the last.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shades darkly lie
Veiled within the sunniest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,
By thy griefs of after years;
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.

Speak not harshly, much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By many hours mispent,
By the gifts to errors lent,
By the wrong thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan,
The weakness of thy fellow man.

Miscellaneous

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

A PRETTY STORY.

"You were not here yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, not even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself mistress of a sum in long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up, she seemed somewhat reassured by the kind glance that met her and answered, "No ma'am, I wasn't but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a little girl who called herself Nelly Gray, came yesterday but I did not know she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love study very much."

"It was not because I didn't want to," was the earnest answer, and then she paused and the deep flush again tinged that brow, but she continued, after a moment of painful embarassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns; I'm going to school one day and sister the next, and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to-day, and to-morrow night she will teach me all that she learns while here. It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy Miss M—— forebore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the difficult sum was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a moment, you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as the little girl put aside her slate.

"I had rather not—I might tear my dress I will stand by the window and watch the rest."

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said. "I might tear my dress," that Miss M—— was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a nine-penny print of deep hue, but it was neatly made and had never been washed. And while looking at it, she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight that Mary Gray had attended school regularly; she had never seen her wear but the one dress. "She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, "and does not want to make her mother any trouble—I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school in turns, that Miss M—— could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced children, of delicate forms, and fairy-like hands and feet—the elder with dark lustrous eyes and chesnut curls; the younger with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wealth of golden ringlets. She observed in both, the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary had tarried within during playing time, so did Nelly, and upon speaking to her as she had to her sister, she received, too, the same answer, "I might tear my dress."

The reply caused Miss M—— to notice the garb of the sister. She saw at once that it was the same piece as Mary's and upon scrutinizing it very closely, she became certain that it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so pretty on Nelly and was too long for her too, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so truly benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of that village school teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother, and though sorely shortened herself by a narrow purse, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and sent it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

* * * * * * * * *

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached Miss M—— and whispering in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and defferential. "After this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books, I see and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study her books every day. Then she continued, a little good natured mischief encircling her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips; "but how can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"O, yes ma'am, yes ma'am she can now.—Something happened she didn't expect, and she is as glad to have us come as we are to do so." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is natural to tell the cause, as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke and told her this little story.

She and her sister were the only children of a poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, because they had no clothes to wear, but she told them if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which usually repaid them.—They had each saved enough to buy a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O I did feel so bad when school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary. "I told mother I wouldn't go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night don't you think somebody sent sister a dress just like mine and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who it was I would get on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and O, Miss M——, we are all so glad now.—Ain't you too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer. And when on the following Monday, little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the school room, her face radiant as the rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain, "I am coming to school every day, and O, I am so glad!" Miss M—— felt as she had never done before, that it is more blessed to give than receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school teacher who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

LEARNING TO BE AN EDITOR.

BY CARL CANTAB.

Some time since, when we happened to occupy temporarily the editorial chair of a rural newspaper, we were seated in the sanctum, busily engaged in looking over a pile of exchanges, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and in stepped a rough looking figure of protentious height, clad in a coarse shirt of homespun. He carried in his hand a bundle enveloped in a red bandana.

"Is this the office of the Spunkville Galaxy" inquired our visitor.

"Yes," we replied, with some curiosity as to the motive which prompted his visit.

"You are the editor I reckon?" was next ventured in an inquiring tone.

"You are right."

"Well, you see, my name is Enoch Starbuck, and I live over to Plainville. I've been workin' for Deacon Higgins this summer, hayin', but I found it was too hard work, and I reckoned I'd come to you and see if you couldn't give me a chance to edit a little."

"Why," said we, taken somewhat aback at such an application from such a source, "you know it is quite a difficult thing to learn to edit a paper. In short it requires education, judgment and a variety of other qualifications."

"Oh, as to that," replied Mr. Starbuck, "I guess I kin satisfy you. I have attended school in our district for four winters, and kin read, write and cipher like a book."

"That is very well, but you know one must be able to compose as well as write."

"Oh, compositions, you mean. Well I have written them some."

"Could you show me a specimen?"

"Yes, I brought one on purpose — the one what I wrote on leavin' Betsy this mornin',—she's my girl, you know."

"I should like to hear it."

Mr. Starbuck pulled from trousers pocket a crumpled piece of paper, and began to read at the top of his voice the following lines:

When you read this ere,
My Betsy dear,
Your Enoch will be gone away;
He couldn't no more in Plainville stay.
My Betsy dear,
I want you to be mine this year,
And don't you take up with that rascal Seth Jones,
For he's a rascal and no mistake,
And I'll certainly break his bones,
My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My love for you will never fail.

ENOCH STARBUCK.

"You see," said Mr. Starbuck, "I didn't rite the last lines—Shakspur or some rich feller did it—but all the rest is my own ritin' and composin'. What do you think of it?"

"I think," said I ambiguously, "that it is equal to anything in that line I ever heard."

"I thought you'd say so, and that's the advantage I have over Seth Jones—he can't rite poetry, no how. Well, old feller, what do you say now! Do you think I could edit some?"

"I am not particularly in need of an assistant just now," said I, "but perhaps you might as well sit down and try your hand at editorial. It would give me a better idea of your powers than—the very pathetic verses you have just recited. Let me see. You might write an article on Turkey—I suppose you are posted up on that subject."

"I reckon I am," was the reply.

"Well, you can sit down at this table, and write, while I am gone out. I have to make a call on business."

"That's it old hoss. I'll do it tall. You kin depend on that"

Placing his hat on the floor, he leaned over the table, and clutching the pen in his vice like grasp, went to work. We left for awhile, our chief business being to get some place where we could enjoy a hearty and unrestrained laugh at the oddity of our would-be assistant.

On returning, half an hour afterwards, Mr. Starbuck handed us the following article, with the remark that he guessed it would do. We had informed him, previously, that it was the custom for editors to use the word we, instead of I.

The article ran as follows:

"Turkey.—Turkey is uncommon good eating. It is better than salt pork and such kind of meat by a long chalk. We like turkey best when it's roasted, though some people like it biled the best. Turkey is very expensive, and that's the reason why people in general don't have them oftner than Thanksgiving. Turkies is a very interesting animal when they are alive. Betsy and we have often driv'd them to water. Not having any more to say on this subject, we will stop."

"That's very good," remarked I, gravely, "but you have made a little mistake in the subject. I meant to have you write about the country of Turkey. You know they expect war there by-and-by, so it is of interest."

"Oh, that's the idee is it?" said Enoch, scratching his head. "I kinder forgot how it's bounded, as it's some time since I went to school, but if you'll tell me that, I'll rite all I kin remember. I say, havn't got a stray joggrify round here?"

"On the whole," said I, "Mr. Starbuck, I don't think there is any need of an assistant just yet. So I won't trouble you to write the article. But if there should be a time when I stand in need of one, I will certainly think of you."

I was quite safe in promising this. How could I forget him.

"Then you hadn't got anything for me to do?" said he with an air of disappointment.

"Not just now."

Mr. Starbuck backed out of the office, first leaving us a copy of his lines recorded above, for publication.

We have since heard that he has nearly completed a volume of poems, which it is his intention to offer to some publisher.

We do not feel any hesitation in saying that if published, they will make a decided impression. While we have among us such men as Enoch Starbuck, we have no reason to complain of the death of native talent.

TO A LADY.

If I were the light of the brightest star
That burns in the zenith now,
I would tremble down from my home afar,
To kiss thy radiant brow.
If I were the breath of a fragrant flower,
With a viewless wing and free,
I would steal away from the fairest bower,
And live, love, but for thee.

If I were the soul of bewitching song,
With a moving melting tone,
I would float from the gay and tho'tless throng,
And soothe THY soul alone.
If I were a charm by a fairy wrought,
I would bind thee with a sign,
And never again should a gloomy thought
O'ershadow thy spirit's shrine.

If I were a memory past alloy,
I would linger where thou art;
If I were a thought of abiding joy,
I would nestle in thy heart;
If I were a hope with a magic light
That makes the future fair,
I would make thy path on earth as bright
As the paths of Angels are.

Eating a Dutchman—A Yankee Trick.

A Yankee pedlar travelling through York State, some twenty years since, put up at the house of a Dutch tavern keeper for the night, at the close of a bright summer day. At that time, the peculiar prejudices of the Dutch people of that section were shown in their jealousy of the 'tampt Yankees.' Our Landlord was one who seemed to take peculiar delight in annoying the descendants of the Pilgrims who might fall in his way, and, it may be supposed, he did not neglect any opportunity that presented during the stay of the Yankee pedlar to quiz him or make him the but of sly jokes.

Our Yankee friend was not exactly green, though he kept a very quiet demeanor until the morning, by which time he had matured a plan for giving the Dutchman an explanation of the adage, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The morning sun had dispelled the mist of the night. Jonathan had hitched his horse to his cart and brought them up before the door, ready for a start, after he should have finished his breakfast. The breakfast past, and Jonathan having settled his bill, felt himself at liberty to meet the Dutchman half way in any shape he choose to approach, and as a signal for a more perfect understanding of his readiness, he let into him in this sort:

"Now old Sourkrout, before I go, I have one thing, the last of a large assortment, that I want to sell you. You know you are very prudent and economical, and one would answer for your own family, and you could let your neighbors use it after you had got done with it."

"What in de dunder ish it?" inquired old Sourkrout.

"Wall, you see now," says Jonathan, "when I laid in my stock, I bought a prime lot of measels, and I've sold 'em all eout, except one, and I kinder tho't, seein' as how you was a very savin' man I could make it go round!" and Jonathan had the laugh all to himself.

The Dutchman began to bluster as soon as he got the idea 'through his wool,' and thinking he could do as he pleased with an apparently green Yankee, he commenced bullying him.

"Look a-here mister, none yer tricks upon travellers," said Jonathan, 'you needn't think you can scare a Yankee, no how. 'Why, rot your old cabbage garden, I have known a Yankee to eat such a Dutchman as you are.'

"A Yankee eat a Dutchman! Tat's a tamt likely story. I pet you five tollar you can't eat me!"

"I'll take the bet," said the Yankee.—'Now s'pose you go and call in all 'yer neighbors to see fair play.'

The neighbors were called in and the preliminaries arranged, in which it was agreed that the Dutchman should take off his boots, wash his feet and lay down on the table.—The stakes were then put up.

The Dutchman was 'laid out,' and Jonathan proceeded very deliberately to untie his neck cloth, and unbutton his shirt-collar, preparatory to his feast.

Approaching the table where lay the wondering Dutchman, Jonathan took up one of his feet, and brought it to his mouth and made a very significant impression upon the Dutchman's toe, which elicited a roar and a kick.

"Oh! mine Got! Stop dat biding—dat hurts!"

"Never mind, don't expect I am going to swallow you. That wasn't the bet; I bet I could eat you," and made another savage bite.

Old Sourkrout soon perceived that he had been tricked, and must either be eaten or lose his five dollars. He chose the latter alternative, and has learned to respect the superior sagacity of Yankee pedlars, and from that day has always treated them with due deference, and never fails to look remarkably silly, if anybody says anything about 'eating raw men' in his presence.—*Yankee Blade.*

An Election Trick.

The election for the borough of M——was close at hand: there were two candidates in the field whose influence was so nearly balanced that a neck-and-neck contest was expected. Under these circumstances every vote was of consequence and the utmost exertions were used by the friends of both candidates to draw strangers out of their opponent's ranks. One of the staunch supporters of Sir John B., the Tory candidate; was an irritable old captain, who had threatened to set the house dog on any one who might come to ask him for his vote for a liberal. The morning before the election, the old captain was working in his little garden, when he perceived a strange gentleman whistling along the walk.

'Ah! how d'ye do, Captain? Nice growing morning, peas coming up nicely, I see,' said the stranger as he approached.

'I beg your pardon, sir, but I really don't remember having the honor of your acquaintance; may I be permitted to enquire your business?' replied the captain drawing himself up.

'Oh, certainly! I'm canvassing for Sir John B., and I have come to talk to you about your vote.'

'I think Sir John might have taken a more civil mode of requesting my interest.'

'That's got nothing to do with the matter, sir; I'm here to ask you distinctly, do you mean to give him your vote and interest?' said the stranger pulling out a memorandum book.

'Sir' said the captain, getting evidently angry, 'my political opinions are well known.—I have ever supported the British constitution in church and state, and—'

'I cannot allow you to shirk the question, Captain,' inferrupted the stranger.

'Shirk, sir, what do you mean, sir?' said the Captain reddening like a turkey-cock.

'I mean replied the other with the utmost coolness, 'to ask you again, will you give your vote to Sir John?'

'What! I suppose you came here to bully me, to intimidate me—to—'

'By no means, captain: but I must repeat my question, will you give your vote to Sir John? Yes or no?' said the canvasser, waiting, pencil in hand, to write down the old fellow's reply.

'Sir,' said the captain, who was in a towering passion, 'I consider this a most ungentlemanly, insulting, and altogether unwarrantable'—

'Will you vote for Sir John, Captain?'

'Sir, you may tell Sir John'—

'That you'll vote for him?'

'No, sir! I'll see him damned first. I'll vote for that Radical scoundrel, D., whom I hate, just to show Sir John that I am not to be bullied into supporting a puppy like him.—Good morning, sir. Good morning.'

'Good morning, captain. Pray don't get angry; it is a matter of no consequence whatever,' said the stranger, as he retired, whistling carelessly.

The old captain kept his word. He was one of the first who tendered his vote at election on the following day.

'For whom do you vote?' asked the clerk.

'For Mr. D——!' replied the irritated captain with a look of defiance towards the Tory candidate.

'Thank you, captain—thank you!' cried a gentleman who wore the liberal colors at his breast, grasping his hand cordially. It was the very person who the day before canvassed him on behalf of Sir John.

The captain perceived in an instant how he had been hoaxed, but it was too late to remedy his mistake, and to complete his mortification, the Radical candidate to whom he had given his vote, was returned by a majority of *one.*

A Smooth Drink,

Dan says, that a year or two ago he happened to have in his employ a couple of 'broths of boys" who like all the jolly 'ould Ireland,' liked a bit of a taste of something' consumedly well; and often indulged in it to his grievous annoyance, for of course they usually choose the most inopportune moment to get 'corrivated,'

On one occasion, in her husband's absence Mrs. Dan noticed that Pat and Mike had procured a supply of the 'crayter,' and stowed the jug that contained it upon a deserted shelf in the chimney corner.

Woman, you know—God bless 'em nevertheless—hardly like us of the sterner sex to 'liquidate,' and with her sisters, proverbial aversion to the 'red eye,' my friend's wife took advantage of the merry dog's attendance to their chores, and abstracting their jug, put in its stead one exactly similar in appearance, outwardly so, but not in its 'in'ards.'

At night the boys bunked in upon the kitchen floor, and Mr. D. and his lady retired to their room, the door of which opened into the kitchen, where they could have a view from their bed of what might transpire between the 'bog-trotters.'

When Mike had given what he supposed was ample time for the 'boss,' to go to sleep, he hunched his neighbor, saying:

'Arrah, Pat! let's have a drap.'

Begorry, so says I, Mike; it's as dry as a chip I am, entirely, this blessed night,'

Up both sprang, and Pat reaching the jug, took it down from its perch, and in full view of Mr. D. and his wife, who were watching the 'motions,' took a 'swig.' But the expression of his face was anything but a favorable comment upon the contents. Mike noticed the contortion, and exclaimed:

'Pat, wat the devil are you makin' sich a bad look over the whiskey for?'

'Faith, Mike,' replied his companion, recovering himself, 'it was no bad look at all, I was after making. I was only thinking what a smooth drink it was, sure.'

'Hand over here,' cried Mike impatiently, and applying it to his lips, he took a generous draught.

'Biurenages!' he roared, rushing for the door where Pat followed him, and the noise of their efforts, at 'heaving Jonah,' made the night hideous.

My friend and his partner thought they would crack their sides in bed, laughing over the affair; and next morning he went to the jug and shook it, but it was badly depleted.

'Mike,' he cried, addressing one of two sickly-looking Irishmen as ever complained, 'what on earth has become of all the *linseed oil?*'

'Linseed ile, is it, sir?' exclaimed Pat, with an air as though something had cleared up a great mystery to him.

'Yes, I want some to oil the harness, and I see it's almost gone.'

The poor fellow only muttered—'Linseed ile, it was sure, bad luck to it then; it went down mighty smooth.'

This was too much for my friend, as he overheard this observation, and he had to give vent to pent-up laughter, at which Pat 'vamosed,' but in such high dudgeon, that the mention of a 'smooth drink,' wakes up the shillelagh in him, when ever one hazards to hint at it.

LOVE PRECEPTS.

Thou hast taught me to love thee
By the glance of thine eye,
By thy low pleading accents
And eloquent sigh;
By the blessed assurance
That stole to my ear,
And the vows of affection
I heard with a tear.

Wouldst thou crush the sweet blossom
That sprang on my way?
Wouldst thou blot out the sunlight
That blessed me with day?
Wouldst thou send back my heart
To its prison of grief,
Whence thou hast released it
With welcome relief?

Nay! tell me forever
To me thou wilt cling,
In the snow-storms of Winter,
The sunshine of Spring,
Still teach me the precepts
Of Love and the Heart,
'Till I, too, am made
An adept in the art.

The Power of Music.

We were seated in the cabin of the steamer Ocean. There was a large number of passengers who seemed desirous of beguiling the tedium of the trip by contributing something to the general amusement.

Among the passengers, was a long, lank specimen, whom no one could fail to recognize as Yankee. He sat somewhat apart from the rest, notwithstanding, while the singularity of his appearance did not fail to draw many curious eyes towards him.

At length, when all the resources of the company seemed exhausted, one of them turned dubiously to our Yankee, and politely requested him to favor the company with a song.

"A song!" echoed he, looking up.

"Yes sir; you sing, do you not?"

"I did once," replied he, "and I may add it saved my life."

"Saved your life!"

All were eager to hear how this could be, and after some little urging, the stranger consented to gratify them.

"You must know," said he, "that I was one of the first to go to California when the report first reached us at home of its stores of gold. It was nothing then to what it is now—a perfect waste in fact, with hardly a mark of civilization, where now you can see flourishing towns, numbering their thousand of inhabitants.

"Being fond of adventure, I seperated from my company, and determined to find the way to the diggins myself. One night I found myself lying upon the grass, with my pack for a pillow, just on the edge of a large forest.—It did not enter into my head to be afraid till it became somewhat dark and, I heard with fearful distinctness, the cry of the prairie-wolf. I listened again, and was alarmed to find the cry coming nearer. Evidently they scented me.

"At length a whole pack of the blood-thirsty rascals came bounding on till they came within a hundred feet of me, and then they stood stock still, and then began to draw nearer.

"My hair rose on ends. I was terribly alarmed. I endeavored to think of some possible way of scaring them. Having heard that they were terrified by the sight of fire, I lighted a match. They drew off a little, but immediately retraced their steps. This movement was repeated on both sides. I found this would never do; I must think of something more decisive. But what?

"I recollected having in my youth attended a singing school for the space of two evenings, during which I received some indistinct notions of the manner of singing 'Old Hundred.' That recollection saved me.

"Without more ado, I began,' and did as well as I could. By the time I had got through the first line, I observed that the wolves began to look a little wild and uneasy, and—will you believe it, gentlemen?" said the narrator earnestly, "before I finished, *every individual wolf, putting his fore paws up to his ears, scampered away as if old Jack was after him!*"

A shout of laughter, both loud and long, followed this narrative, at the end of which the speaker, who had not stirred a muscle, gravely continued:

"You see, gentlemen, I have been frank with you. I did not wish to take undue advantage of your very kind and complimentary invitation without forewarning you of the consequences. If, after what I have told you, you are still desirous of hearing me, I will endeavor to give you 'Old Hundred,' which is the only song I know, and to which, for reasons already given, I feel uncommonly attached."

It is needless to say that he was unanimously excused.

Things We Can't Stand.

We can't stand the first-floor lodger coming home in a state of inebriation and getting into our bed with his boots on.

We can't stand a waiter always telling us he's coming, and never doing it.

We can't stand a young lady with her hair done up in newspaper advertisements.

We can't stand an infatuated dramatist reading up the manuscripts of his five-act tragedy

We can't stand a baby dabbing his damp little hand about our face, while the mother stands by, and remarks that the little dear is beginning to "take notice."

We can't stand a doctor telling us, in a friendly way, our family were always noted for weak chests.

☞ The servant of a Prussian officer once met a croney, who inquired how he got along with his fiery master.

"Oh, excellently!" answered the servant; we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each other's coats; the only difference is he takes his off to be beaten."

☞ A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY W. C. GOULD. "Fearless and Free." $1,50 per Annum in Advance.

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Honor thy Mother.

"Come on boys!" said Harvey B., to a troop of his playmates.

"Where? where?"

"Let's go down to the river and have a good skate; I'll show you how to cut your names on the ice scientifically,"

"Yes come on! let's go!" answered they.

"Where are you going, Millard?"

"I am going home,"

"Come on, don't back out."

"I dare not go without the consent of my mother."

Coward! coward! coward!" cried the boys.

"I would not be such a child as to ask my mother to permit me to go where I wanted to.'

"I'm not a coward," replied Millard, his eyes flashing and his manly form erect; I'm not a coward, I promised my mother I would not go where there was danger without first obtaining permission from her."

"He is right," said George, "I am going with him to ask my mother."

"You can wait or go on, as you choose," said Millard; "I am going immediately, and if she consents, I'll join you;" and he turned on his heel and walked off with George.

"Let them go!" cried Harvey; "they are the milksops, we're the bravos!" and he ran toward the river, followed by all the boys.

It was early in the spring, and the sun was thawing the ice very fast, which made it dangerous to go on it, and for that reason Millard would not go.

Harvey was a bad boy, he respected neither his father nor his mother; he prided himself on his manliness, smoked cigars, and was coming on very *fast.*

Millard respected his mother, obeyed her in all things, loved all his playmates and feared God.

How many Millards and Harveys are there, I wonder who reads this paper every week? I think not many Harveys.

Dear boys, do you always obey your mother? Do you respect her? If I were to say you did not love her, you would be very much shocked, would you not? Well, you must prove your love by obeying her always.

As soon as a boy thinks he is too old to obey his mother, scorns her counsels, smokes cigars, runs with fire companies, stands at corners making remarks on all who pass, then it is all up with him. I would not think much of him, but pity him and think of his poor mother, his wasted youth and unhappy old age.

Many a ruined man looks back to the time when he first disobeyed his mother, when he was tempted to do wrong, as the stepping-stone to all misery.

If you have moral courage, you will never fear to be called a coward. The real coward, is he who disobeys his mother from fear of ridicule.—*Exchange.*

Kissing under Duress.

The following incident develops a mode of enforcement of the claims of personal respect, through the medium of constraind attention to a third party, which, to say the least of it, is peculiar. Of its perfect success, however, in the present instance, we have the proof in our personal experience.

In the days when we wore young—"Oh! would I were a boy again!"—we made one of a happy throng of younsters, who after having spent a delightful afternoon in the various duties and amusements usually incident to an oldfashioned 'quilting in the country,' such as rolling up, toeing water, threading needles &c., found themselves, with the quilt out, the room cleared and swept, the chairs all placed against the walls, and everthing in readiness for an out-an-out quilting frolic.

Our party, in addition to the boys and girls, included several married persons, some older and some younger, most of whom had just dropped in to see the young folks enjoy themselves, and to partake of the creature comforts which usually constitute an important feature in the programme on such an occasion. But among then were John B——and his newly wedded wife, the latter of whom, by the bye, was scarcely sixteen, and decidely the prettiest girl in the room. Her husband was a man of about five and twenty, full six feet high, and withal had the reputation of being the *best man* in the district, and ready at short notice to prove it.

After the usual preliminaries in the way of small talk and compliments, just to wear off foolish embarrassment, the order of the evening commenced with a play called "Contentment," and as many a pawn was paid and faithfully redeemed—not by repeating verses of poetry, standing five minutes with the face to the wall, walking three times around the room blindfolded, or any such lame performances as are commonly practised in the more refined circles of the city, which only serve to remind one of the better times in the country—but in the primitive way, by good, oldfashioned, honest kissing, that sounded out clear and distinct like the cracking of a wagon whip, set the old folk's mouths to watering, and made old Mrs. Deal whisper to Mrs. Skelton that "she didn't see why a married woman couldn't enjoy plays just as well as single gals; for her part, she didn't see no difference, because she was old, it warn't no reason she shouldn't feel young."

The sport continued for some time, the boys ever and anon slyly peeping at the pretty face of Mrs. B——, and only wishing that they could select her as a partner, but restrained by the fear that her salwart husband might think proper to resent such a liberty with his new bride; in consequence of which latter impression, she was, for the time being, a mere wall-flower.

This state of things was observed by John, who, construing this lack of attention to one whom he thought as deserving as any, into a want of proper respect towards his wife, and by reflection towards himself, determined it should no longer pass unnoticed. So rolling rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a voice that at once secured marked attention said:

"Gentlemen, I've been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen of us. "What do you mean. Have I done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes you have; all of you have hurt my feelings; and I've just got this to say about it. Here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single kiss to-night; and I just tell you now, if if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time, as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!"

If Mrs. B—— was slighted during the rest of the evening, we did not observe it. As for ourself, we know John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.